PDC

PICTURE

SCOOP

FEBRUARY 15c

WILL GERMANY BE DEFEATED IN 1944?

READ DAL LEE'S FORECAST

CARTOONS AND GAGS

How to Fall Asleep!

Would you turn your back on a wounded Soldier?

You think you wouldn't . . . you don't mean to . . .

But unless you are giving every precious minute of your time . . . every ounce of strength that you can spare . . . towards helping win this war as a civilian, you are letting down those soldiers who are sacrificing lives to win it for you.

What you are asked to give up isn't much compared with what they're giving up. The extra work you undertake is small compared with the gigantic effort they are making. But to a wounded soldier, what you do can mean the difference between life and death.

You make the choice.

LOOK AROUND YOU! *Pick your war activity—and get into it! In your local Citizens Service Corps or Defense Council there is something for every man, woman and child to do. If no such groups exist in your community, help to organize them. Write to this magazine for free booklet, "You and the War," telling what you can do to help defeat the Axis. Find your job—and give it all you've got!*

Contributed by the Magazine Publishers of America

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of Picture Scoop, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1943.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County, aforesaid, personally appeared Morris S. Latzen, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of Picture Scoop and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption; required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, Picture Scoop, Inc., 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, Dale Crawford, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing Editor, none; Business Manager, Morris S. Latzen, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Picture Scoop, Inc., 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.; Arthur Bernhard, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.; Morris S. Latzen, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders, who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

MORRIS S. LATZEN,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1943. Julia Pollack, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1945.

A JAPANESE INFORMATION BROKER,
who lives by his wits and will turn his hand to anything that will make him money. This type does not hesitate to play both ends against the middle, and is often in the pay of the police.

"FACE" THE ENEMY

LOOK closely at this face. Stare at its features. Then turn the page and examine a collection of photographs of JAP faces, chosen at random, and well representative of the 72,000,000 Japanese who, by their own act, have become our enemies to the death. Reflected in these countenances you will find many things—calculation, cunning, courage, shrewdness, fanaticism, and intelligence mingled in varying proportions. Conspicuously lacking is any gleam of softness, kindliness or goodwill. Study these faces well. Every American should know what this enemy we are fighting looks like, and these photos will tell you much about the tough, tenacious and treacherous Japanese character, which makes them a people whose formidability as opponents must never be scorned nor underestimated.

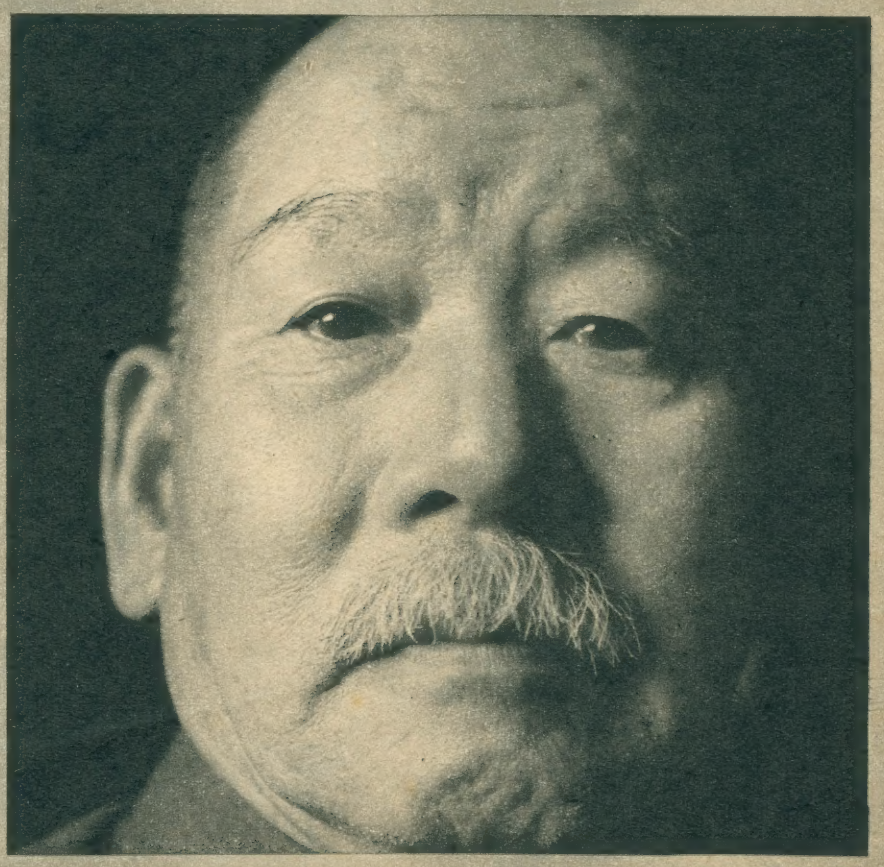
THE COMMON SEAMEN
(above) of the Japanese Navy are well-disciplined, inured to hardship and trained to obedience. Their intelligence is not high, but they will fight to the end. The faces of the high Army officers, however, watching a military review (right) clearly depict intelligence, ruthlessness and a single-minded tenacity of purpose for the achievement of their ambitions.

A GEISHA HOUSE PROPRIETRESS
who was once a geisha girl herself, and saved up enough money to buy the establishment. Behind the almost mask-like blankness of her face may be seen shrewdness and lack of emotion.

THE JAPANESE POLICE
have always spent much of their time writing down things about other people, particularly foreigners. This eternal suspicion of every stranger is a revealing sign of the deep-seated inferiority complex which seems to be a fundamental element in the Japanese national character.

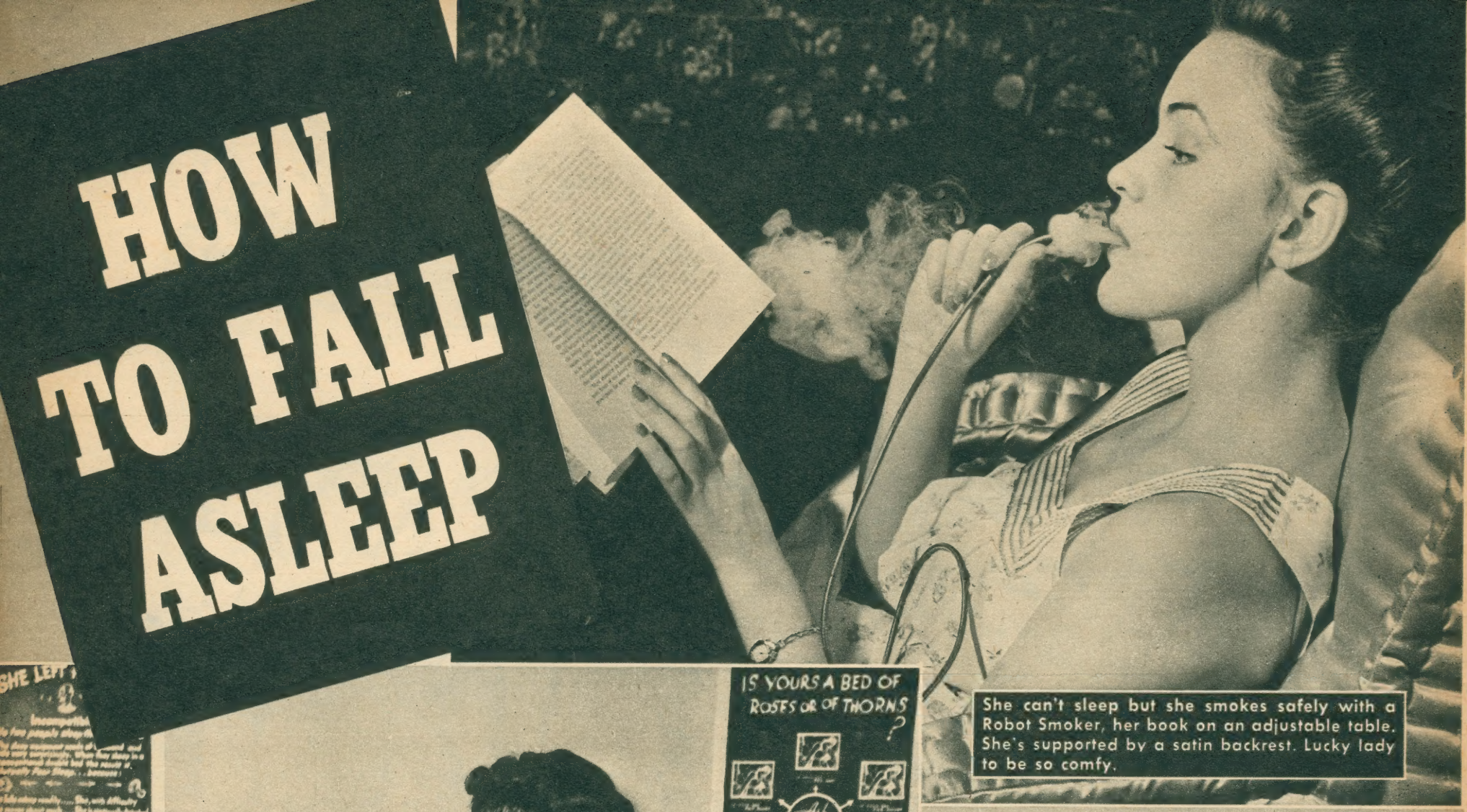
A GROUP OF OFFICERS
watching the Imperial Review in Tokyo in January, 1938. They are representative of all Japanese officers. A thoroughly trained, ruthless, fanatical and tough minded bunch. In the background is the stand of the Japan Broadcasting Co. with the announcers giving a blow by blow of the passing of the troops in the review before the Emperor. The review lasted five hours. Note the formal dress which always must be worn in the presence of the Emperor, no matter how remote he may be placed from the wearer. To even enter the Palace grounds requires such formality.

GENERAL JIRO MINAMI,
the governor-general of Korea. Though his name never appears in the world press, there is hardly a man in Japan who has a greater influence upon the Army.

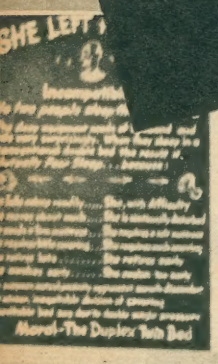


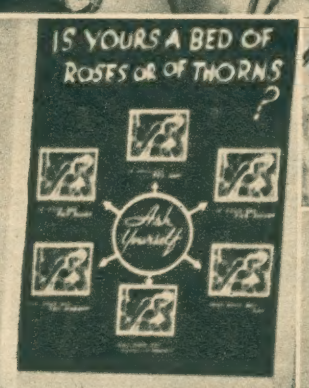
THIS IS COLONEL FUJITA,
a retired Army officer. Almost a national hero of the war with China, he spends most of his time addressing various Japanese political and patriotic society meetings.

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP



She can't sleep but she smokes safely with a Robot Smoker, her book on an adjustable table. She's supported by a satin backrest. Lucky lady to be so comfy.





In New York City, Lewis & Conger has 600 sleep-making devices. Our lady retires on "bundling" mattress built to keep each sleeper on his side of the bed.

THE complexities of modern living on the warfronts at home have crippled people's ability to relax. One third of our day as well as one third of our lives are spent in bed and should be spent in smooth, relaxed slumber. But, alas, we toss, pitch, eat, smoke, worry and brood.

We need sleep to enable our exhausted bodies to cope with the struggles of living in a war-nagged world. It is only by resting our muscles and nervous system that we can renew our driving power . . . "Millions are depriving themselves of the sheer joy of living by bringing forced wakefulness upon themselves," says Dr. Maurice Chideckel, who has devoted years of study to this problem.

The common causes of insomnia are the racket and din around us, or the street light that shines in or an uncomfortable bed. The gadgets illustrated here can help if you can afford them, but there are many other less expensive things that you can try if you are a tosser.

The general run of people who have insomnia have bad eating habits. Fatty foods eaten just before going to bed cause gas in the intestines. On the other hand, an empty stomach draws blood from the brain, bringing on sleeplessness. If you eat before retiring, choose a lettuce sandwich or some cereal with warm milk.

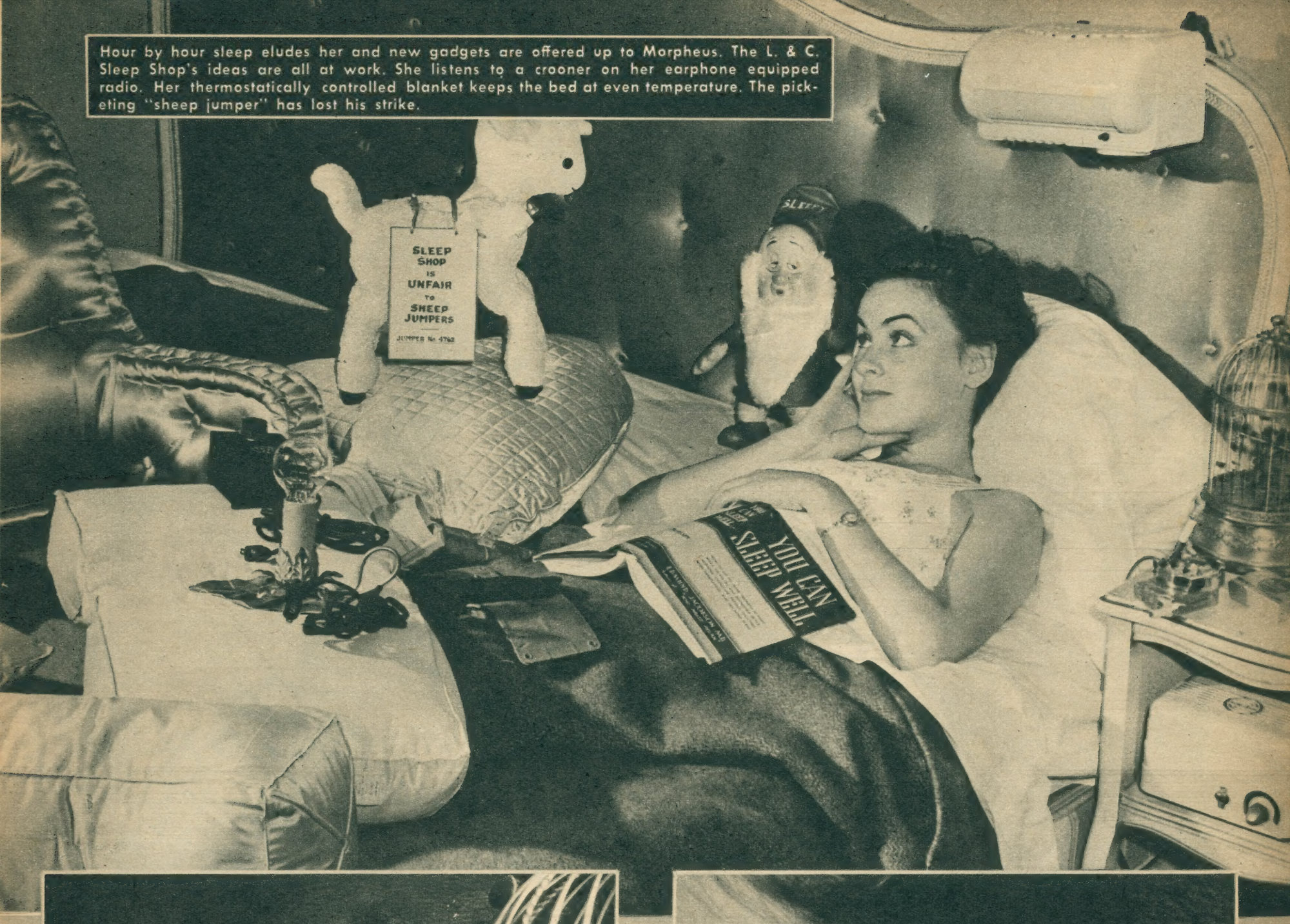
Constipation is another basic and commonplace evil that stops sound sleep. If it is constipation that keeps you awake see a doctor, get a cure and get some sleep.

Try to retire with a clear mind. There is nothing to be done about any of your problems until morning. Think about sleep, think about pleasant dreams, think about rest and comfort.

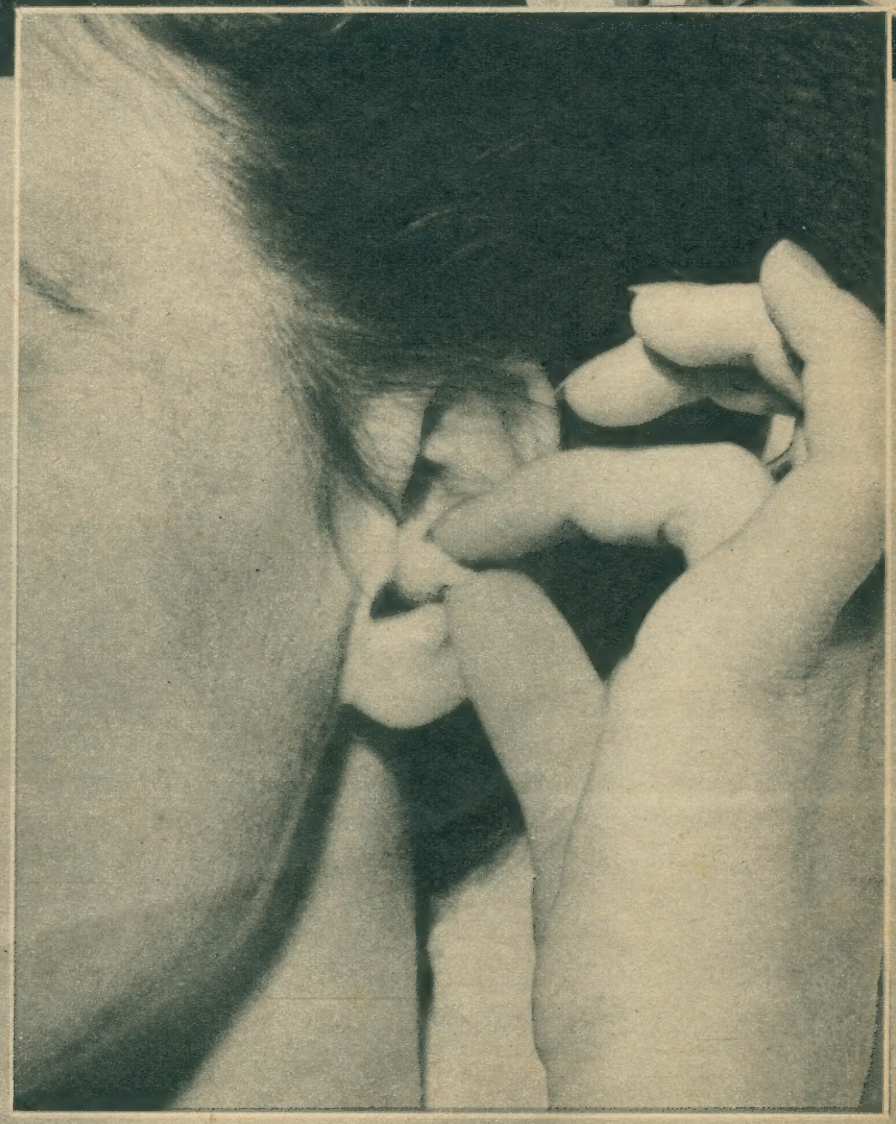
And if you're one of those who sit around all day wondering why you can't sleep at night . . . get wise to yourself and do some physical exercise.

And so to bed.

Hour by hour sleep eludes her and new gadgets are offered up to Morpheus. The L. & C. Sleep Shop's ideas are all at work. She listens to a crooner on her earphone equipped radio. Her thermostatically controlled blanket keeps the bed at even temperature. The picketing "sheep jumper" has lost his strike.



The mechanical canary dispels her hapless mood by twittering out of a really gilded cage.



Keep those horrid noises out with special ear stuffers.

And here, remembering a bygone love, weeping on her moisture resistant Heartbreak Pillow.

An ice-cubicled rubber sac on her head drives away bitter memories.

Can't stand those glaring shadows, her eyes are shaded.

SLEEP....IT'S WONDERFUL!

ASTROLOGY IS THE SCIENCE OF LIFE'S REACTIONS TO PLANETARY VIBRATIONS — LLEWELLYN GEORGE

QUOTES BIBLE

"The Fourteenth Verse of the First Chapter of Genesis tells us that 'God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night; and let them be FOR SIGNS, and for seasons, and for days, and years.' " Mr. Lee asks: "If Biblical Authority asserts the stars are 'for signs', why is the assertion ignored?"

SIGNS	NAME	RULER	DETRIMENT	EXALTATION	FALL				
1 ARIES	RAM	♂ MARS	VENUS	SUN	SATURN	MASC			
2 TAURUS	BULL	♀ VENUS	MARS	MOON	URANUS	FEMININE			
3 GEMINI	TWINS	☿ MERCURY	JUPITER	N NODE	S NODE	MASCULINE	BARREN	DIVERSITY	N.AME
4 CANCER	CRAB	☽ MOON	SATURN	JUPITER	MARS	FEMININE	FRUITFUL	DOMESTICITY	HOLLA
5 LEO	LION	☉ SUN	URANUS	NEPTUNE	URANUS	MASCULINE	BARREN	COURAGE	FRAN
6 VIRGO	VIRGIN	☿ MERCURY	NEPTUNE	MERCURY	VENUS	FEMININE	BARREN	PURITY	BRAZ
7 LIBRA	SCALES	♀ VENUS	MARS	SATURN	SUN	MASCULINE	SEMI FRUITFUL	JUSTICE	JAPA
8 SCORPIO	SCORPION	♂ MARS	VENUS	URANUS	MOON	FEMININE	FRUITFUL	DESIRE	NOR
9 SAGITTARIUS	ARCHER	♃ JUPITER	MERCURY	S NODE	N NODE	MASCULINE	SEMI FRUITFUL	REASON	AU
10 CA									
11 AQ									
12 PI									

DAL LEE'S FORECAST!

At his studio office, 114 East 32nd Street, New York City, Mr. Lee edits the popular ASTROLOGY GUIDE MAGAZINE and gives written counsel to thousands of enthusiastic readers. A serious student of Astrology, Mr. Lee feels that our world leaders err in not taking astrological advice. Here he states his views on four most important questions of the day.

THE NAZIS WILL BE DEFEATED IN 1944!

ASTROLOGICALLY as well as geographically, the present conflict is divided into two theatres. The European, which received its impetus behind closed doors in 1909 and broke out in 1914, to last thirty-six years; that is, to end during 1944. These astrological years begin with the Vernal Equinox, so we mean March 21, 1944 to March 20, 1945. It is the Cycle of Mars; begun in Europe and to end there. Our own forces will be a powerful factor in bringing about the defeat of Germany, and it is not merely coincidence that the period around the Fourth of July next year will be important. The other area is that under which Pluto was discovered in 1930, when the Nipponese began their mobilization in earnest, invading China the following year. Astrologers do not forecast with rashness concerning Pluto, for it is still a "new" planet. My own opinion is that the middle of 1945 will see the beginning of the end for Japan. Secretary of the Navy Knox recently warned us about the possibilities of war until 1949. It is not impossible. The American people must realize they have a powerful, well-prepared foe in Japan. The war need not last that long, however. It is up to us—all of us—to end it sooner. Each must answer to himself, "Am I doing my full share?"

WE AMERICANS MUST STAND BEHIND OUR PRESIDENT!

NEITHER Mars nor Pluto affect our nation astrologically as does Uranus. Since Spring of 1942 this erratic influence has been in the Sign Gemini, unusually sensitive in American affairs, to remain here until 1949. It requires 85 years for this planet to revolve around the Sun. The first English settlement on our shores was founded at Jamestown in 1607, and it did not go well with the settlers. Uranus was in Gemini at that time. About every 85 years since then, we have had trouble within our own borders. Late in the 1680's King James tried to take away the liberties of the New England colonies (the Charter Oak days). The Great English Revolution caused the king to flee for his life. About 85 years later we went through our Revolutionary War. Then about 85 years after that, our terrible Civil War. Now, in our own day, the 85-year cycle is again active. Many astrologers believe the war with foreign powers, as trying as it is, may merely prove to be a test of our domestic integrity. They view with a degree of alarm the many quarreling factions within our own land. Solidarity behind our President is the prime requisite for the salvation of all levels, sections and classes of our people. There is entirely too much hatred in evidence now. Mutual distrust must be dispelled. We must heed the astrological warning!

WILL THERE BE A THIRD WORLD WAR?

THE present Mars Cycle over Europe opened with 1909, with the Triple Alliance and the Triple Entente jockeying for position. The race actually began in 1914, lasted four years, whereupon the combatants recessed. Hostilities reopened late in 1939, the cycle to close with 1944. Pluto was discovered in 1930, Nipponese mobilization commenced; war broke out in 1931. Pluto moves much slower than Mars. The first part of the cycle may last nearly twenty years; i.e., till nearly 1950. There is grave danger that there will be a recess, hostilities to reopen later, perhaps much sooner than we now deem possible. Statesmanship of the most superb character must be resorted to in order to circumvent this trend. It can be done, for Man's mind and will can overcome Nature. Should our world leaders fail—should selfishness prevail at the Peace Conference—we might see a great conflagration in the area astrologically ruled by Pluto at the time of its discovery. This area is bounded roughly by the 75th and 120th degrees of east longitude, reaching from the uppermost regions of Siberia, through China, taking in India, Thailand and all the adjacent lands. Many erroneously think the small countries on Russia's western border may be the bone of contention, but this difficulty is slight in comparison with the Asiatic. World leadership must realize it is but human. It errs badly when it ignores the signs from above.

THERE WILL BE PEACE—A LASTING PEACE!

MANKIND has a collective soul, which experiences its pains, its sorrows and its joys. It advances and it falls back. It can rise to the heights and it can fall to the depths. It sins and is punished. It prays and is delivered. It practices virtue and is rewarded. Such is the Law of Nature. Mankind has been careless. We all suffer for it now. But there will be an end to the suffering. Astrologers often speak of the coming Aquarian Age—the Age of Reason, when the souls of men turn to reason rather than emotion. Five years is a short span on the clock of Father Time. Ten years is still brief. Even fifty years is but a short while. To give this New Age an early birth, there is just one lesson to be learned by all, nations as well as individuals—and it is something for our statesmen—the leaders of all the countries in the world—to bear constantly in mind. That lesson is: In order to Get, you must be willing to Give. Life simply cannot go on as it did before 1909, or even before 1939. Every country on our planet must change its ways. Forms of government must be changed to some extent in every quarter of the globe, so that there may be a basic element of sameness, a Oneness that will take hypocrisy out of the word Brotherhood as we have thus far known it.

THE MURDER OF THE JEWISH PEOPLE

On the eve of the recent American Jewish Conference the Institute of Jewish Affairs of the American Jewish Congress and the World Jewish Congress issued a 300-page survey of "Hitler's Ten Year War on the Jews." According to the book, 3,030,000 Jews are dead. On August 20 the press carried a statement of Dr. Stephen S. Wise placing the number of Jewish dead—since the summer of 1942—at 4,000,000.

But "figures tell the heart nothing," says Ilya Ehrenburg. We print this great impassioned document of Ehrenburg in order that these figures can be translated into emotion, and from emotion into action.

ILYA EHRENBURG

FAMOUS SOVIET CORRESPONDENT, AUTHOR OF "THE FALL OF PARIS".

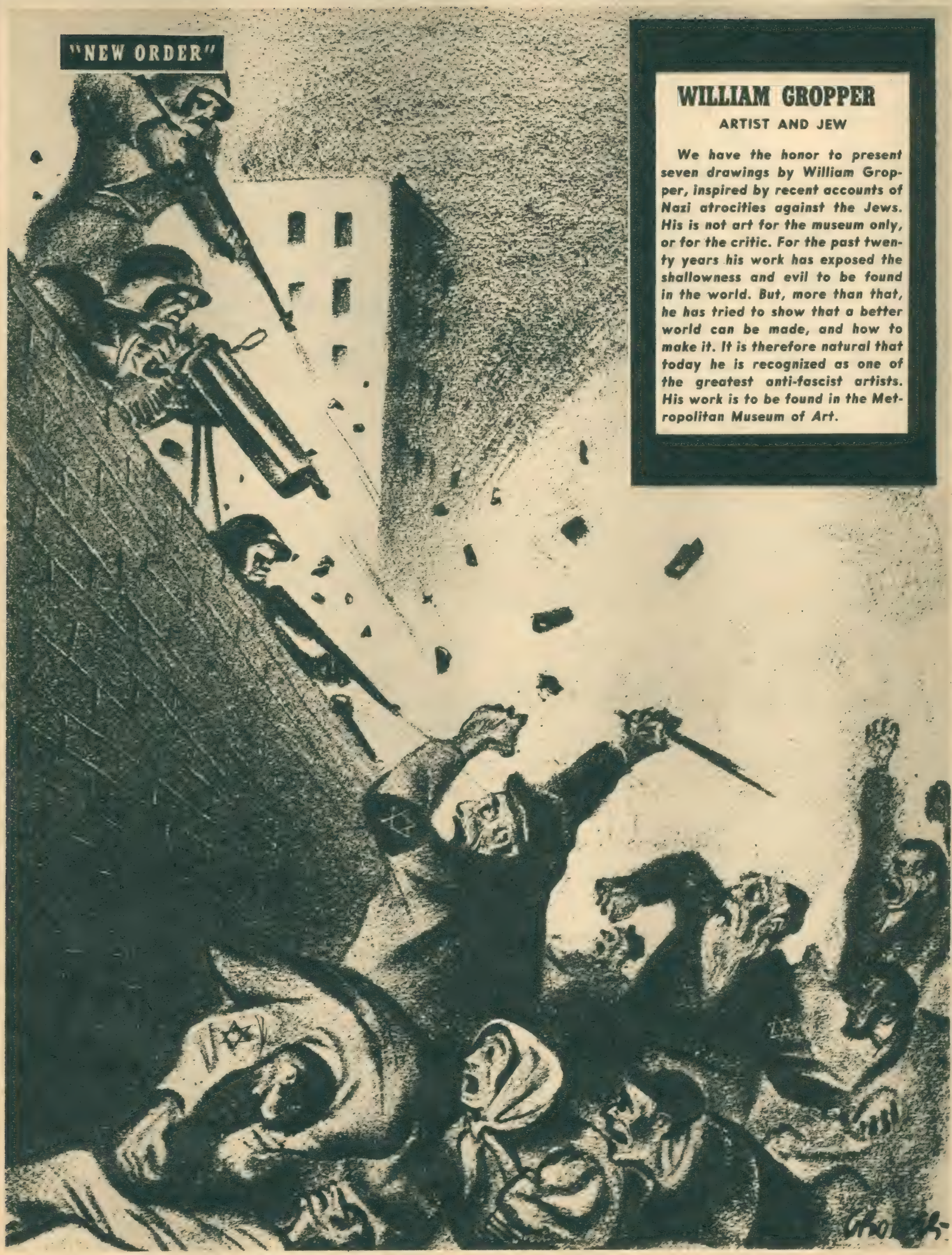
I HAVE seen much in these past years of war. We have, most of us, seen human torment. Nevertheless I must tell you what Hitlerites are doing to Jews in Russia. I must tell you about the murder of babies. I cannot remain silent: shadows of the dead hover over me.

Not a single Jew, not a single Jewish woman or child is left in German-occupied Ukraine, Byelorussia, or in regions where the Germans set foot.

Let me tell you what took place in the Caucasian health resort Essentuki. Germans occupied the town August 1, 1942. On August 5 the German commandant announced the registration of Jews. Nine thousand, nine hundred and sixty-seven persons were registered. All Jews, including old folk and children from ten years upwards, were dispatched to back-breaking toil. Lieutenant Pfeifer, "in charge of Jewish matters," tormented his victims. September 7: The commandant of the town, Von Bek, published an order whereby all Jews in Essentuki were told to appear at the premises of the "Jewish Committee" with handbaggage weighing up to thirty kilograms, plate, spoon, and food for three days. The order stated that Jews would be sent to a "sparsely populated locality." September 10: Jews were placed on trucks and taken to the town of Mineralniye Vodi—their belongings were there—and then distributed among police. The Jews were taken to a ditch. Children's legs were smeared with poisonous liquid. Adults were ordered to strip—the Germans placed clothing and footwear on trucks. Those who tried to escape were shot. And then the Jews were driven into a ditch in groups and killed. All Jews living in Mineralniye Vodi, in Pyatigorsk, and Kislovodsk, were killed near the glass works. More than 10,000 mutilated corpses were found in this ditch, piled up in several rows.

IN STAVROPOL Jews were annihilated on August 14, 1942. They too were rounded up by deceit. They were promised they would be transferred to an "area sparsely populated." They were undressed, placed in hermetically closed cars where they died from poison gases within eight minutes, taken beyond town and thrown into a ditch. Twelve-year-old Lina Pankina escaped the common fate: her mother didn't take her along. All day German soldiers armed with tommy-guns hunted for a twelve-year-old girl. On the following day Lina, despite advice from neighbors who hid her, went to the Gestapo and said, "I want my mother." The Germans killed her. They made packages of things taken away from the Jews, some 200 bundles of clothing stripped from women and children before they were executed.

ON THE "Bolshevik" State Farm in Ipatov district, the Germans shot twenty-six Jewish children and threw their bodies into a well. These executions have been witnessed by thousands. People say: "Since that day we cannot sleep—we always see before us murdered children. . . ." In Morozovka a venerable Jewish docor, Ilya Kremenchuzhky, lived with his wife and two daughters. The husband of one of the daughters who had a baby was away at the front. Mrs. Kremenchuzhky's wire to a Russian escaped by a sheer miracle.



WILLIAM GROPPER

ARTIST AND JEW

We have the honor to present seven drawings by William Gropper, inspired by recent accounts of Nazi atrocities against the Jews. His is not art for the museum only, or for the critic. For the past twenty years his work has exposed the shallowness and evil to be found in the world. But, more than that, he has tried to show that a better world can be made, and how to make it. It is therefore natural that today he is recognized as one of the greatest anti-fascist artists. His work is to be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

This is what she related: "The Germans killed 248 Jews. They rode to our house in the evening and cried out: 'Is Doctor Kremenchuzhky here? Come out together with your family.'

"My husband realized immediately what was going to happen. In the truck he gave me and my daughters each a powder containing poison and told us to swallow it when he lifted his hand. He left one powder for himself. We were brought to a cell which was so crowded that there was standing room only. Outside the windows men yelled: 'We'll soon finish you off.'

"The children cried. Some of the women got hysterical. My younger daughter wanted to swallow the poison, but my husband pulled it out of her hand and said: 'You cannot do that. Just imagine what will happen to the others. We must support them and share a common lot.' And then my husband said two words in Jewish: 'Brother Jews.' Those were the only two Jewish words he knew. Everybody listened. My husband said: 'We must die with dignity—without cries, without tears. Don't give the executioners satisfaction. I ask you, brothers and sisters, to remain silent.' Afterwards they began to kill those in the yard. Nobody cried out. I wanted to save my grandchild and ran away. A school-teacher, Suichev, saved us. . . ."

In Belgorod a Russian student, Tamara Savitskaya, was shot together with the Jews. She was the wife of a Jew, Lifschitz. Savitskaya had a four-year-old boy who was to be killed along with the other Jews. The mother went to the execution with her son. One Jew survived in Kursk, one mad old woman survived in Voroshilovgrad—she ran away from the town and roamed the field. One Jew survived in Rostov, three in Kharkov; one hundred thousand were shot or poisoned by Germans. Children were poisoned.

THIS is the truth which the world must know. In their diaries and letters German officers and soldiers gleefully describe the destruction of Jews. Thus Sergeant Major Schubert of the 299th Infantry Division writes in his diary about the "scientific experiments" of Hitlerites: "Jews are placed in special vans where they are gassed and their corpses dug into the ground with excavators."

What's taking place or, more correctly speaking, what took place in towns still occupied by Germans? We know about this from the testimony of those fortunate ones who accidentally escaped from the executioners' claws. A student in Moscow University was saved by Russian inhabitants in Smolensk. She told me about the destruction of Jews in that city. When the Germans occupied Smolensk they transferred Jews into a camp which they called the "Ghetto." There the Germans tormented their victims. They forced old men to dance and then killed them, raped Jewish girls, buried children alive in the presence of their mothers with the words: "We are sowing Jews—new ones will grow up."

In July 1942 the remaining 1,500 Jews were led out of the "Ghetto," placed in hermetically closed cars where they suffocated, and their corpses buried seven kilometers outside the city. In Krupka, Germans, as far back as October 1941, shot some 1,000 Jews. They drove them into a swamp, forced them to strip, and then shot them. Among the victims were small children and old people. In Kolopovichi, 900 Jews were buried in a sand pit. A Red Armyman, Alexander Shapiro, who escaped from German captivity, was in Dnepropetrovsk. On October 16, 1941, Germans shot 26,000 Jews there. He was also in Pavlograd where Hitlerites put to death 40,000 Jews on October 12, 1941. In Kharkov, 13,000 Jews were shot in the yard of a factory plant.

Figures tell the heart nothing. People grow accustomed to them. But behind these figures I want people to hear the cries of babies, the wailing of mothers. In Vitebsk, Nazis buried Jewish children alive and inhabitants of that city will never forget the heartrending cries coming from under the ground. One of the Vitebsk inhabitants who made his escape said to me: "I heard the very earth crying." This man, who saw much of death, who lost his family, who was twice wounded, covered his eyes with his hands when he told me this.

I ADDRESS Jews in other countries and above all Jews in America. You now know what Hitler has in store for you. You know what fascists have done to your brothers and sisters. Can you sleep calmly in New York? Isn't your rest disturbed by cries of tortured children in Minsk and Pyatigorsk? You will say that you've given your money and your sons. That doesn't count. Give everything. Remember how a mother screamed when her child was brained. Of what good is it to you if you save part of your belongings? Fascists will come and kill you, too. They will kill your children, our grandchildren. You have sent your sons to the army? Join up yourself. You must kill Nazis, otherwise they will kill you. You're in the army? Demand that you be sent to the front lines. Hurry your compatriots. You are reinforced by millions of tortured victims. You are supported by millions of doomed. If Hitler rules another year or two not a single Jew will be left in Europe. You have a right to demand: "Send us to the continent." Jews in Palestine, you have a right to say, "We don't want to march in the rear, we want to save our sisters."

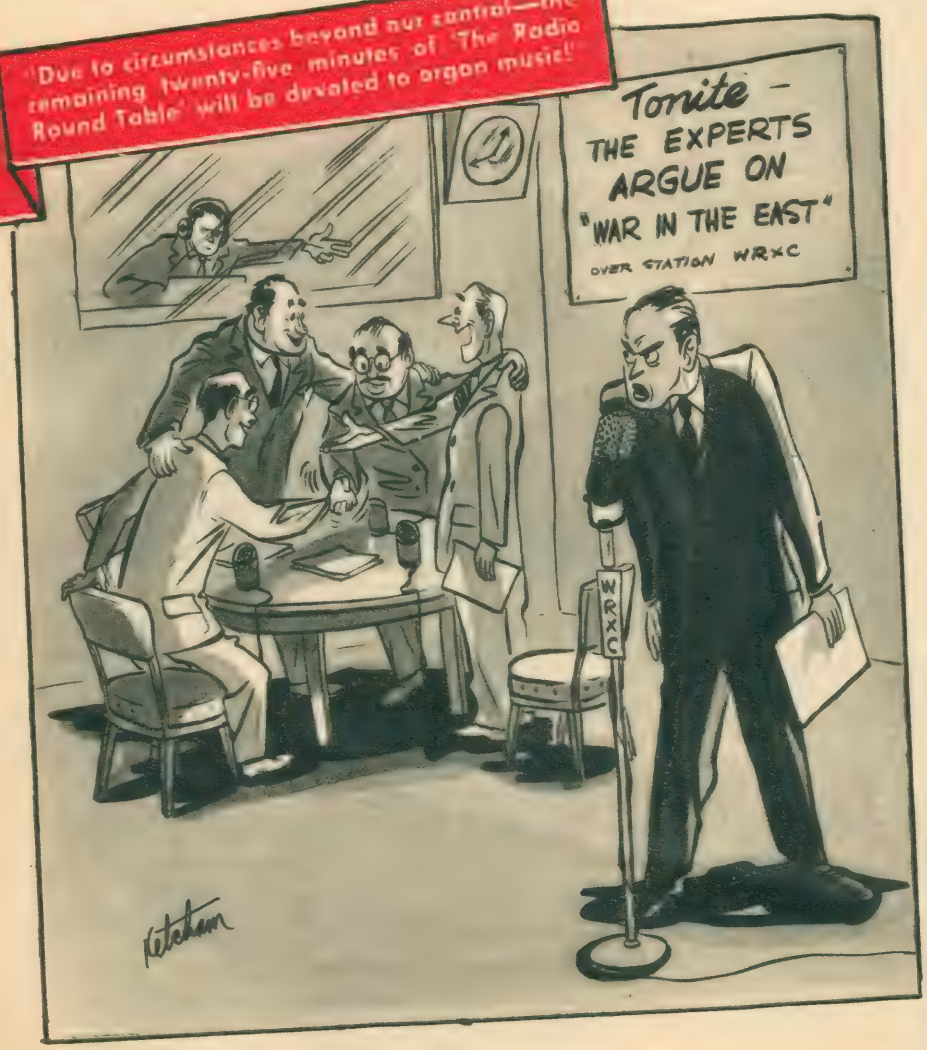
Who, if not you, are defenders of the humiliated and the abused? Curse appeasers, tell the world that people who intercede for mercy for assassins aren't humanitarians but accomplices of murder. Champion the honor of the dead. Remember that you are descendants of ancient prophets. You know words of love, let love tell you other words—justice.

Atrocities perpetrated by German-fascist invaders on the Soviet territory. Peaceful Soviet residents hanged by Hitlerites. (Photo found on a killed German in Stalingrad).

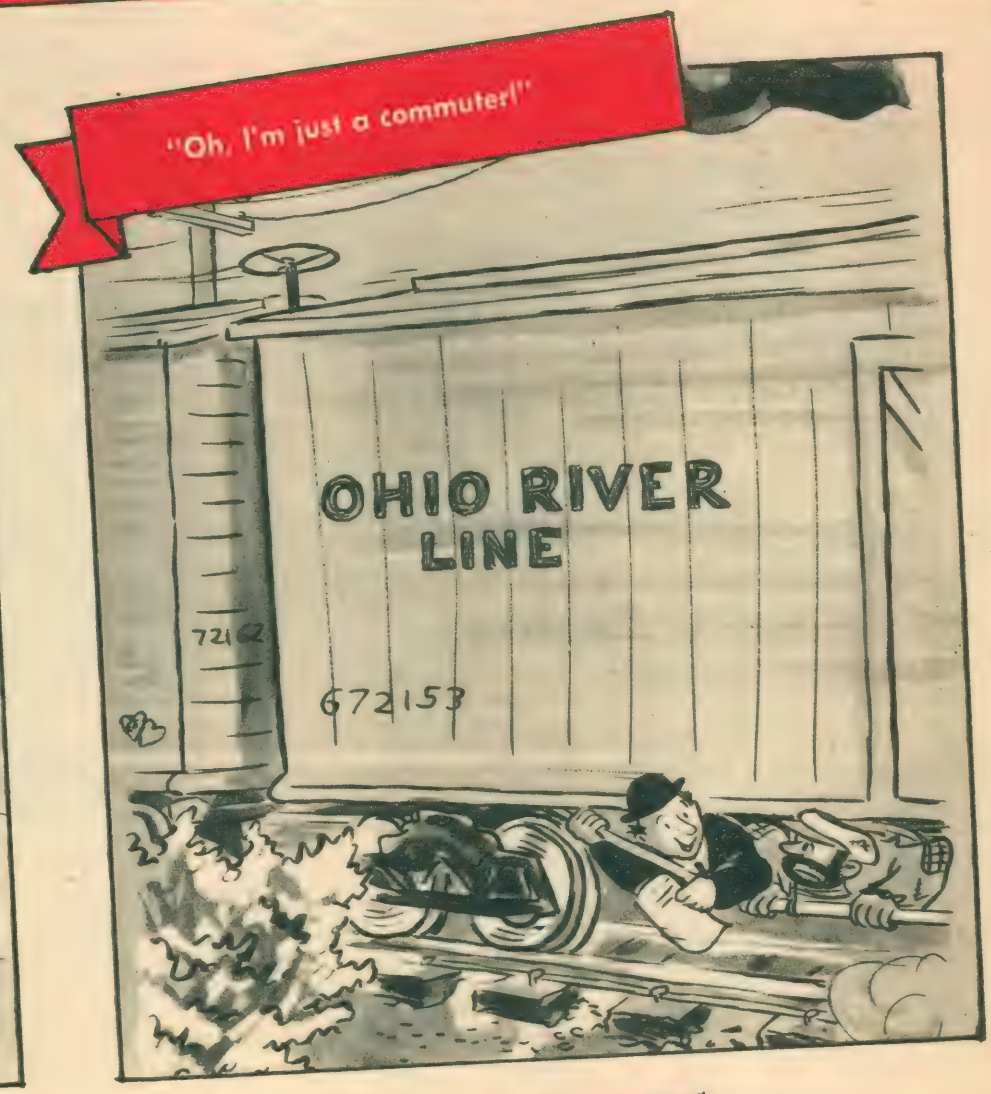
"The new jeep is a success — but the general just couldn't take it!"

"He's an auxiliary fireman now!"

"Due to circumstances beyond our control—the remaining twenty-five minutes of 'The Radio Round Table' will be devoted to organ music!"



PARK AVE
DSC


"Oh, I'm just a commuter!"
OHIO RIVER LINE
672153

"I'd take the Star if I were you sir; they're retreating in the Herald."
PAPERS
RUSS ADVANCE
RUSS RETREAT

"He's volunteered his services to the U. S. Air Forces!"
TO ADOLF
Eva Ellison

This is how Eddie Davis, successful Hollywood gag man started out: as a taxi driver. When he got Eddie Cantor as a passenger he began "going places."

Gags to Riches

THE men behind the headline comedians are a curious lot. Some are scientists in humor. Some are literary pirates. Some compile huge laboratories of the world's gags. Some crib from *Captain Billy's Whiz Bang*. Eddie Davis is a gag man natural who got his break through his nerve and gets his gags out of his head. His is the Horatio Alger story of an East Side boy who finally made good in the tough humor business.

THE war is making bigger and better jobs for gag men—the men behind the comedian who think up his jokes for him. Being funny gets harder every day but the millions who twirl the dials or slip into the aisle seat to hear the clowns want to laugh and relax for a while. And if you're in the laugh industry in a big way you've got to have behind you a top-notch joke manufacturing plant.

For example, Bob Hope's gag assembly line works something like this: Ten days before a show the gag men gather and an idea specialist proposes a general subject for the humor of the evening, something like, say, laundries. The boys disperse and think deeply for a fortnight about laundries. When they get together again—in the presence of a durable shorthand stenographer — they begin firing laundry gags at each other. The mountainous notes are then taken by two specialists in humor and edited into a script.

There's big money in being funny but it's a tough racket. Public taste in humor changes rapidly. Gag men have to work up jokes that fit their comedian's special personality. Gracie Allen stuff doesn't go with Charlie McCarthy, and the airwaves, like the Hays' office in Hollywood, are very strict about "blue" or off-color humor. Old jokes will get by but they've got to be in new packages. New jokes are rare as hen's teeth. The public is critical and for every gag man that gets there a hundred or more die on the way.

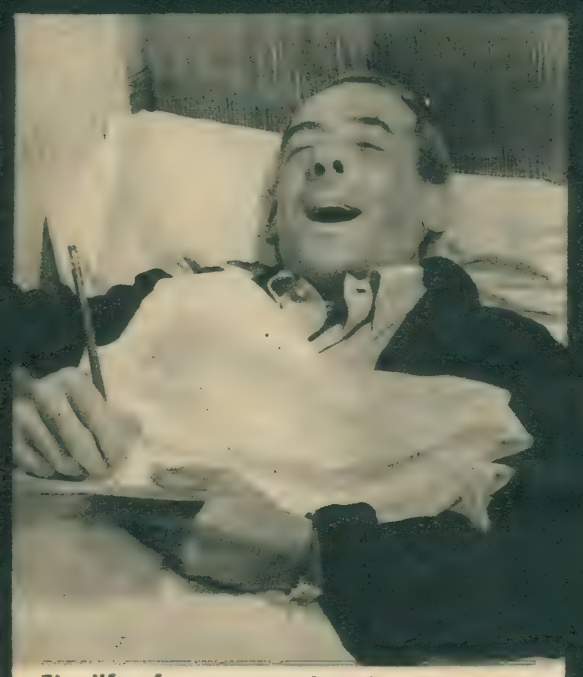
Eddie Davis got there.

Eddie Davis became a successful gag man in Hollywood, over the radio, and in the musical comedy field. Eddie is an East Side boy who grew up to a $20 a week job driving a taxi. He was the life of the party at various obscure benefit shows and his friends, of course, counseled a theatrical career.

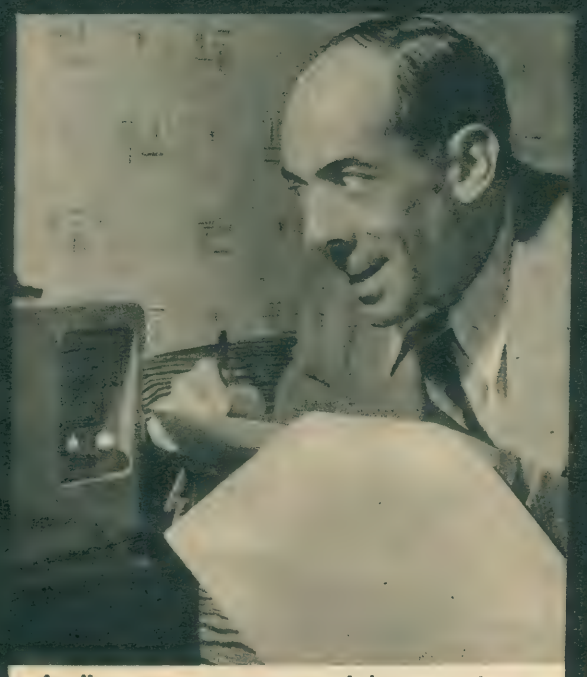
One icy night in December, 1934, Eddie was cruising near Radio City. "Eddie Cantor comes out of the studio and I pick him up. I know his style because I'm doing the imitations of him at summer camps up in the Catskills and I look like Cantor, banjo-eyes and all. And Cantor has just published a book called 'My Life Is In Your Hands.' So I turn around and make a face at him and I say, 'Cantor, your life is now in *my* hands.'

"So Cantor looks scared," Davis continues. "The streets are slippery. He wants to get out because I'm not paying attention to my driving and I want only to shoot gags at him. So he makes a proposition. To save his life and limb he'll buy a couple of gags a week from me, paying me $25, but I mustn't give up the cab-driving. It's agreed.

"My wife is joyous from elation. Soon Cantor begins to like my stuff more and more. I'm getting $70 a week. And then the show runs out and he takes me to the Coast. I hire another hackie, Joey Lee, as my secretary. I figure I'll bring out all the cab drivers in New



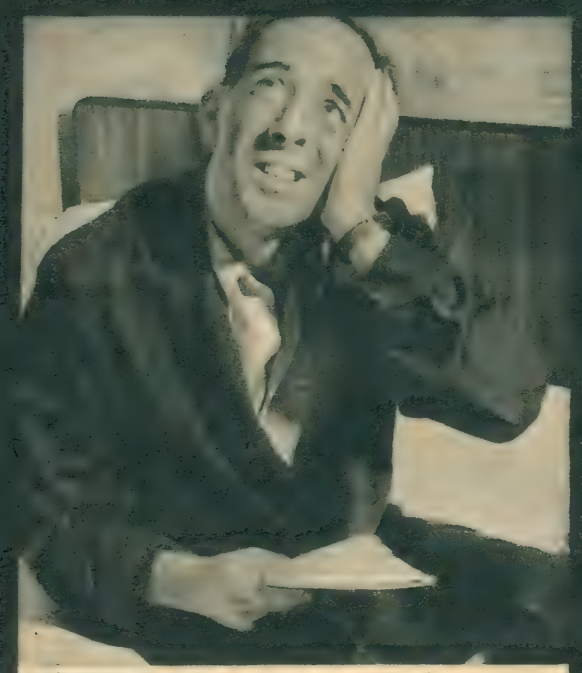
The life of a gag man is not an easy one. Eddie thinks up new jokes or old ones in new settings by day and by night.



Audience response on jokes must be checked carefully. Eddie is here seen listening in on the reaction to his script.

You cannot stop to brush your teeth if you are a gag man. You have to keep going all the time.

Eddie Davis backstage at rehearsals for a Hollywood show gives Jinx Falkenburg some pointers on one of his gags.



Cantor wants a gag on blackouts but what happens if the gag man is completely blacked out?

A shower sometimes has the most amazing effects—on a gag man.

No, I'm not Eddie Cantor, although I look like him. But he does as I tell him.

Not a bad place to be in, Eddie, is it? Certainly not as hack-kneed as a hack, eh?

York to Hollywood and make them gag men. But Joey Lee starts telling the boys some of the gags I write. They say, 'We'll stick to hacking.'

"In Hollywood it's marvelous. Jack Haley hires me. Joe Penner hires me. Al Jolson hires me. Then comes the time when the wife is going to have a baby and I figure it's best to quit Cantor because we want a boy and the feminine influence is too strong on him. So I quit and get a job with RKO. By now I'm earning $1250 a week and I'm spending more in income taxes than I ever made in all the years of cabdriving. Matt Brooks and I team up to write *Radio City Revels*, starring Bob Burns. We get good reviews. The wife and daughter (it wasn't a boy after all!) decide they like California."

So wife and daughter stay in Hollywood, while Davis follows the humor market to New York and back. At home or abroad his life's much the same. He gets up at noon. Under his pillow are pencils and a sheaf of notes.

"I'm making up gags all day. From morning to night I turn them out. One out of ten is good. Maybe less. Trouble is the war's got me so crazy I can't concentrate. How can you be funny in times like these?"

Eddie Davis' "secretary," the ex-hackie Joey Lee, serves as best friend and severest critic. For instance, Eddie Davis was sitting in his hotel room listening to the radio. Somebody mentioned Dewey. Davis pulled out a pencil, scribbled for a minute and said, "If the New York Republicans get their wish, it'll be damp in Washington. It'll be Dewey in the

Eddie makes anyone he can lay hands on a guineapig for his newest gags, for every joke has to be tested before being presented to the audience.

White House! How's that Joey?"

Bald-headed Joey scowled. "It stinks. Any damp fool could do better than that." Unabashed, Davis crumpled his inspiration and began to fashion another.

"I got it!" yelled Davis. "It'll be a wet day in Washington when it's Dewey in the White House!"

"Too political," observed Joey. "Who do you think buys those four-forty seats? Hackies? See what you can do with Phil Murray."

With Davis it's a matter of having to do better all the time. He knows that gag men may last only six or seven years in the big time—that they may be unable to keep pace with changing style in radio humor or they may run dry or they may get too prosperous and become preoccupied with throwing their money away. The competition in the field is lively.

And the high-salaried lads who work for the big programs pay for their lush incomes with shortened lives. Davis is a healthy-looking specimen. Others need benzedrine to keep them awake far into the night on the eve of a show and whiskey to make them sleep. It isn't like it was in the old days, when gag writers wrote skits for vaudeville players to be used day in and day out around the "variety" circuits. Today, the minute a show goes off the air, next week's script has to be whacked into shape.

The public wants to laugh. The fellows who produce what the public wants gets the riches, and the headaches that go along with them.

The Art Department of Santa Monica Junior College is taking a day off on the beach at Santa Monica, California. The boy with the drawing board, Bruce Mark Nelson, insists on working.

Jerome De Rollin, Art Teacher of the College, has a more elaborate idea, using Nancy Jean Carson's back. Ruth Holt and Dorothy Shedrick are his assistants.

The result is something from China. (The hands and feet belong to Bruce Nelson.)

Bruce Nelson is getting interested, too. Betty Hammer is lending her back. Doris Mack is watching.

LEND ME YOUR BACK

ART STUDENTS SKIP CLASSES TO ENJOY A DAY AT SANTA MONICA BEACH AND—YOU GUESSED IT—PAINT

Dean Trace is having fun on Nelson's back. (L. to R.: Nancy Jean Carson, Dean Trace, Ruth Holt, Bruce Nelson.)

Ruth Holt and Miss Mack combine their backs to make a portrait of two lovers.

The lovers go for a stroll.

The piece de resistance.

The creation collapses. (L. to R.: Miss Mack, Dorothy Shedrick, Bruce Nelson, Miss Carson.)

Let's get clean again. (L. to R.: Bruce Nelson, Dorothy Shedrick, Nancy Jean Carson, Doris Mack and Ruth Holt.)

Pancho Villa in the flesh. (Betty Hammer)

Boris Karloff hasn't a thing on Nancy Jean Carson. She's made Dorothy Shedrick faint.

A spy from across the sea.

The End of a Perfect Day. (L. to R.: Nancy Jean Carson, Bruce Nelson, Paul Dose, Doris Mack, Dorothy Shedrick and Ruth Holt.)

RANCH HOLIDAY

Home, home on the range,
Starlet and young actor play;
There seldom is heard an unloving word—

THE situation: A sunny holiday, with the boy and the girl to make something of it. The place: California. The cast: Bill Edwards, actor, and Juanita Stark, starlet, both under contract to Warner Brothers.

On working days, Bill and Juanita are usually busy at the studio, polishing up their promising careers. So the idea was to get as far as possible from vocal exercises and make-up kits. Bill plugged for a date on the ranch. He used to be a rodeo rider, and wanted to show blond Juanita the fine old Western Yippee. She had been on a horse exactly twice in her life—both times on a merry-go-round.

Before the Western sun went down, the starlet had become a horsewoman and acquired a tan. She also developed a muscular stiffness that made standing preferable to sitting.

SHE MEETS HER FIRST HORSE AND SUGARS HIM UP

PHEW! WHY DOESN'T BILL GET BEHIND AND PUSH?

NO HORSES, NO REINS, NO PROGRESS, BUT IT GETS THEM IN PRACTICE FOR THE GASLESS DAYS AHEAD

WE WON'T LET YOU FALL, LADY, LET GO OF THE POMMEL!

FOOD AHEAD. HUNGRY COWBOYS SERENADE THE COOK

TO HORSE, TO HORSE, TO HORSEPLAY—WESTERN STYLE

JUANITA'S PIGGYBACK RIDE ENDS WITH TWO IN A LOOP

BILL SHOWS HOW, AND JUANITA GETS A NEW ANGLE

SHE WALKS THE LAST MILE, NOT MAD—BUT SORE

continued on next page

A RIDE on a non-trotting ox is absolutely restful. And cozy, too.

"GO AHEAD!" Juanita challenges the unfriendly goat (*left*). "You can't hurt me any more than I'm hurt already!" On horseback, the starlet took a real spanking, for her mount persisted in coming up just as she was going down—hard.

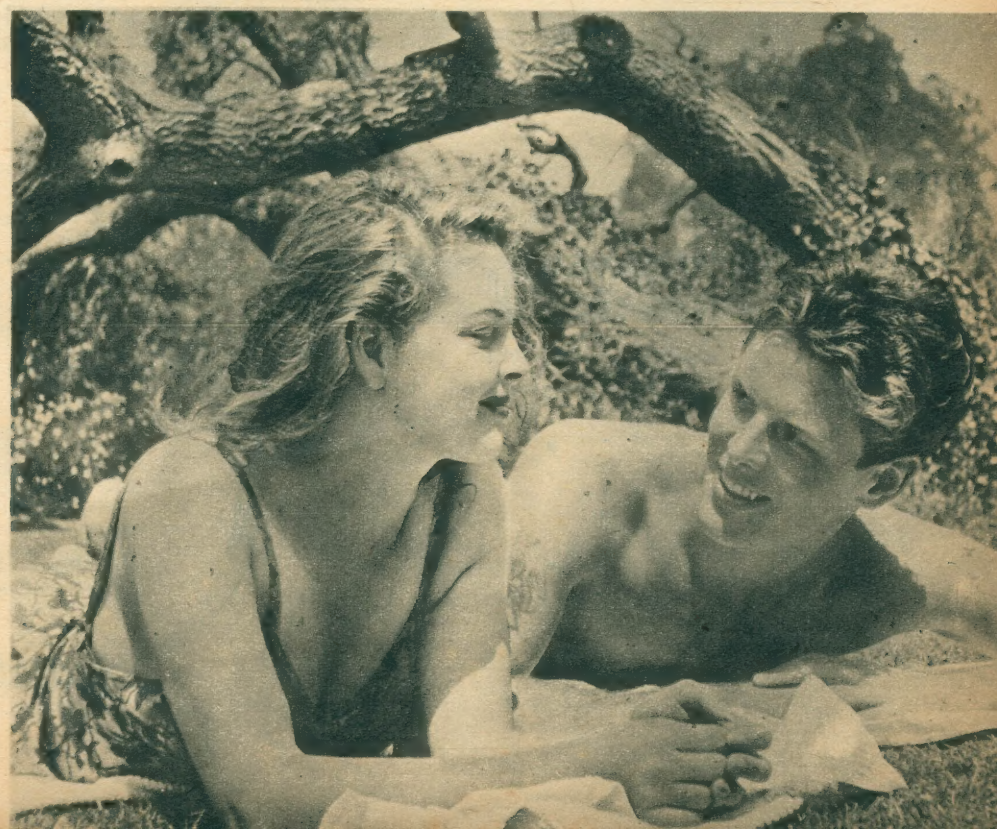
TARZAN AND HIS MATE are out on a limb—10 feet up. This is the high road to the pool—an ideal destination after a strenuous day.

JUANITA LIKES to loll in the sun; Bill prefers to swim. When words fail, he employs strong-arm tactics and drags her into the water.

"JUST RELAX. I WON'T LET YOU GO!" BILL TRIES TO TEACH AN EXPERT TO SWIM. WHEN HE FINDS OUT WHY SHE'S LAUGHING, JUANITA GETS MERCILESSLY DUCKED

BILL DOUBLES as lady's maid. After drenching his pretty playmate, he superintends the drying of her thoroughly soaked hair.

THE SUN'S rays are long and low, and there's a pause in the day's recreation. Juanita talks shop. Bill just listens—and looks.



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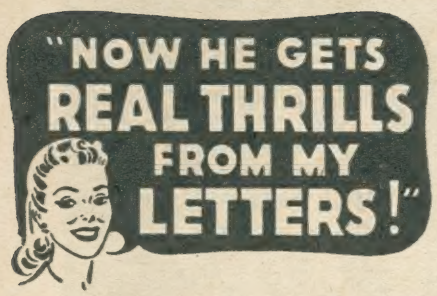

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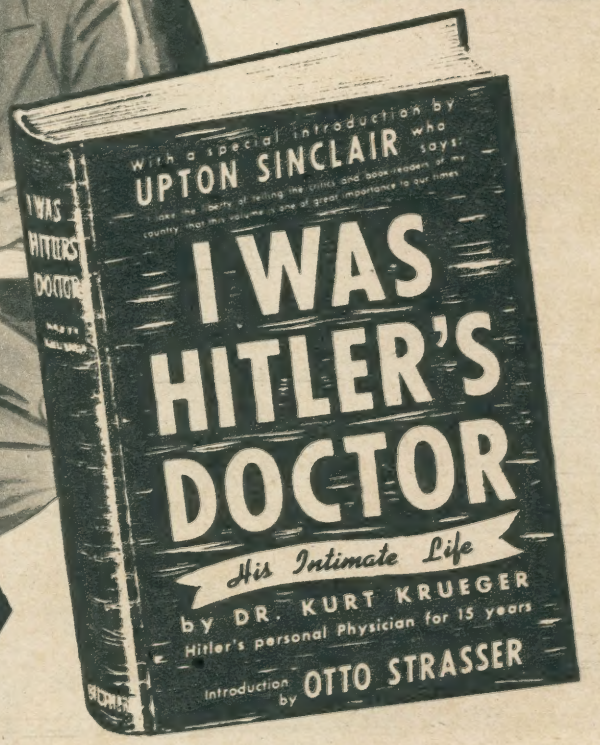

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